

Record

1930



Spring
Number

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The English High School Record

Volume LI

No. 5

April, 1936



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Purdy-16-36

CLASS OF 1939 IN ASSEMBLY HALL



THE LAST LAP

The greater part of the race is over. There remains but one last lap to worry us. This fact makes it all the more necessary to work harder than usual. We can offer no better example of this than the A. A. U. Mile which was run off last winter in New York. Glenn Cunningham, world record holder for the mile run, ran a front race all the way. Coming into the gun or last lap, Gene Venzke turned on the heat and in a driving finish led Cunningham into the tape. That's just one example of the importance of a good strong finish.

We don't want to be accused of preaching, but don't you think that it might be a good idea to leave just as good a record behind you as you possibly can? And on the other hand, suppose, just suppose, that an emergency causes you to be out of school. Wouldn't it be nice to have that comfortable feeling that your chances of graduating will not be affected by your illness and absence?

We have only two months left, only one last lap to go. Why not use that powerful leg-drive that will send you over the finish line a winner?

J. E. P.

OUR NEW CAFETERIA

When studies are once more resumed next fall, our beautiful new cafeteria will be well on its way to completion. It is to be entirely modern, with an octagonal serving counter which will be connected to a fine modern kitchen. This kitchen will occupy some of the space which is now taken up by the boiler-room and will be equipped with all the latest conveniences, including electric refrigeration and electric ovens. To insure a quiet and pleasant atmosphere, a sound-proof wall will be constructed between the kitchen and the main cafeteria. The floors will be made of a highly polished composition of marble and cement known as terrazzo. The specifications call for a glass roof which should provide excellent illumination for the interior on clear days. A project of the WPA, the structure will cost approximately \$108,000. Of this, the Federal Government will pay \$49,000 and the City of Boston \$59,000. When it is completed, English High School can boast of having one of the finest school cafeterias in the city.

B. T. K.

DEBATE

On Wednesday, March 18, 1936, the English High School debaters met the Norwood High School Team in a contest held in the English High School Auditorium at the close of school. The topic was—Resolved: That the Policies of the Japanese Government are a Menace to the Security and Prosperity of the United States. English High School upheld the negative side of this question and Norwood High School upheld the affirmative. The debaters for English were Joseph F. Driscoll, '36, Irwin Elkins, '36, and Robert J. Totten, '36. They carried the Blue and Blue to victory in a clear-cut manner. Mr. Jeremiah J. O'Leary of the English High School faculty was the chairman. The judges were three coaches of other high school debating teams, and they awarded their unanimous decision to the Blue and Blue.

A large audience was pleased with the novelty and liveliness of the controversy. R. J. Totten of the Junior Class was probably our best performer and he bids fair to be an excellent debater next year. Irwin Elkins, making his first performance, did very well while Joseph Driscoll who won honors in the big debate with Public Latin School was in his regular form.

The debaters were honored by the presence of Mr. Downey and members of the faculty in the audience. Those who attended were deeply appreciative of the afternoon's performance, and it is hoped that more of our boys will follow the fortunes of the debating team in the future.

W. B. S., '36.

QUIET PLEASE

THE RECORD wishes to express the appreciation of the student body for the ten-minute awards that have been accorded us on Friday during block four. It is our sincere wish that every student cooperate to even a greater extent than heretofore to the end that our corridors may become increasingly pleasant for visitors to our school.

JOIN THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

We cannot speak too highly of the English High School Alumni Association. It would be difficult indeed to measure its worth in terms of English High tradition. In banding graduates of this school together it keeps old friendships alive and makes newer ones. It keeps English High graduates informed of events, social and otherwise, of interest to them. Membership in this group makes you a unit in a great and effective organization, many of whose members are well known both locally and nationally.



The Music Goes Round . . .

By CHARLES V. HAAS

Slowly and thoughtfully, Ruddy Dale fingered his music. Before him lay his morning mail, opened and sorted by his ever-present chief handy man and secretary, Rob Collins. Ruddy was in a quandary. Before him he had two propositions

Ruddy's swing band was known from coast to coast by all the smart set as "The Tops" orchestra of the times. His admirers included every society matron and sub-deb and deb from Maine to California and back. He was a devilishly handsome young man of twenty-four summers, with eyes that could bring Cupid on the double quick to the coldest female heart in captivity. And his band! It included twelve pieces, harmonizing every night in the Golden Room of the Ritz-Copley in New York City and an hour every Saturday night over a national hook-up. People didn't go out anymore on Saturday nights. They remained at home and tuned in promptly at eight to hear and recognize the soft voice of Ruddy Dale and hear his theme song, "The Music Goes Up and Down." But let us hie back to Ruddy's two propositions.

Before him he had his choice. One meant that he would go to Hollywood to make a motion picture and \$500,000; the other meant that he would play next Friday evening at the coming-out party of one Vervyle Van Tyne, the daughter of Martin Van Tyne who was worth a cool twelve million. Vervyle had practically demanded that he bring his famous band to play at her party, with the price set at \$30,000 for the evening's work. There was one stipulation, however. Evidently Vervyle did

not like his theme song, for she requested in her letter that he please omit that at her affair. Ruddy didn't like that idea. He loved his theme song. It was his own composition. People knew him by it. Without it, he just wouldn't be Ruddy Dale. He would like to meet Vervyle Van Tyne, however. People said she was rather likeable, despite her conceit. And she was conceited. There was no doubt about that. Then Ruddy thought of Hollywood. They wanted him right away. And if they wanted him right away, it meant they wanted him bad. If they wanted him bad, they would wait. So Ruddy called in Bob.

"Take a letter" he directed, "to Miss Vervyle Van Tyne. 'I will be pleased to accept your offer, etc.'" In the back of Ruddy's head was a determination, a determination to play his theme song—at Miss Van Tyne's debut.

In accordance with his promise, Ruddy and his band arrived Friday night at the palatial Van Tyne house and set up their instruments ready to play. Ruddy had been duly introduced to the debutante, and found her charming. But he found out something else. Miss Van Tyne was as determined that he should not play "The Music Goes Up and Down" as he was determined that he should.

The lights went low in the Van Tyne ballroom, and the crowd of young socialites began to sway back and forth in time to the rhythms of the most famous swing band in the country. Somehow the word got around that Miss Van Tyne had instructed Ruddy Dale not to play his famous theme song, and an impromptu committee

formed to protest. They dogged Veryle back and forth across the floor to permit the orchestra to swing into the famous piece, but her refusal was as firm as it was polite.

It chanced during the intermission that Ruddy and Veryle found themselves out on the terrace strolling along together. It was strange thought Ruddy that he should find himself falling for a conceited little minx like Veryle Van Tyne, but it was so. Abruptly he halted her.

"Miss Van Tyne—eh, er Veryle, I want to tell you something. I think you are the most selfish, inconsiderate, conceited, harebrained little rascal I've ever met. However, I love you. I've always known what I would do if I should ever meet you, and when I make a resolution I keep it. Do you know what I intend to do?"

"What?" This was asked in a very sarcastic tone.

"Spank you!" With a deft motion, he turned her over his knee and applied his hand vigorously. Finally he stopped.

"Now, although I may forfeit the

thirty thousand dollars which I have fairly earned, I intend to play 'The Music Goes Up and Down.'" He turned abruptly and strode back to the ballroom. Once inside, he picked up his stick and whispered:

"Okay, boys, the theme song." The band had just swung into the first bars when there came a crash from the terrace. A huge brick hurtled through the glass door, to bounce off Ruddy's blonde head. He sank to the floor in a graceful heap.

Then as the crowd gathered, Miss Van Tyne burst through the doorway, crying. "Oh Ruddy, I didn't mean to hit you—I—I only wanted to s-scare you." She knelt beside him and held his head in her arms, smoothing his cheek. Ruddy sat up then and turned to the band.

"Boys, play 'The Music Goes Up and Down!' She loves me! From now on, she's gonna listen to it the rest of her life!" A hoo-oo-oo drowned out the sound of a "smack" that followed, while the crowd laughed and once more began to dance.

Portrait Of A Chiseler

By RICKE COLEMAN

He is of ordinary height, dresses smoothly, and wears his hat as far back on his head as possible. He is forever singing that National Menace, "The Music Goes Round and Round" to get in some one's hair. One gets the impression that his attitude resembles that of Lee Tracy, film-land's "Wise Guy." He struts the corridors with his trouser cuffs rolled up five inches or so, thus displaying his many-colored socks. After all, he invested twenty-nine cents. Why shouldn't he show them?

He comes to and from school without books, and shows utter contempt for the "home-lesson boys" but shows it only at certain times. He doesn't want to hurt their feelings because **SOME-TIMES** he has to rely on them for the required home work. He should do his home-lessons! Why should he? The school's not going to burn and this is only his third year as a senior.

If he is late, why should he worry? Isn't he "a little bit independent"? Doesn't he write his own notes? Nope, he won't get caught up with 'cause he's

too smart; and, of course, the home-room teacher is truly stupid, says he.

Another of his favorite tricks is to emit a shrill whistle imitating the Major when a company is on the floor and do a fade-out. The black will probably have to report at 2:34, but what does he care? He can fix it up with the officer (whom he once lent a butt), and scam home while the regular fellows take his medicine.

He doesn't even bring a lunch. Why bring a lunch when you can sponge off the boys by borrowing their milk-change money?

When relating his hair-raising experiences with Jones, the detention room officer, before a group of gaping freshmen, who place him with Buck Rogers in their imaginations, there is a lot, of course, untold.

For instance, he doesn't hep them to the fact that he was frightened when an iron man (commissioned officer) appeared in the study-hall and requested his presence elsewhere. Nor does he tell how relieved he was to find that the "iron man" was only concerned with his address in the catalog. Nay, verily I say unto you, he does not tell how weak he felt as he flopped into his seat after this escapade in which he thought that the avenging arm of justice had at last caught him in its grasp.

Ah yes, reader may I add that as long as there remains a school we will have a few, thank heavens a very few, such individuals.

Such my dear reader, is the picture of the chiseler and a very good one too.

The Spy

By FREDERICK W. DOW

In the latter part of July 1862, Major-General Kirby Smith's division of the Confederate Army was encamped in the foot-hills of the Cumberlands preparatory to moving against the Union forces of General Morgan which were fortified in Camp Wildcat overlooking Cumberland Gap.

Early one afternoon Colonel Semmes, commander of the second Virginia Infantry, and his aide Lieutenant Carter, were returning from a social visit in a neighboring town. Staring intently at a youth who stood near a group of conversing soldiers, he said to his companion, "See that young man leaning against the tree? Place him under arrest, immediately. I strongly suspect that he is a Union spy."

That night a court-martial was convened by Colonel Semmes. After questioning the accused and deliberating

among themselves, the court ordered that the prisoner be brought in to hear the verdict. When all were expectantly quiet the colonel started speaking, "Young man, it is the unanimous decision of this court that you are guilty of espionage against the Confederate States of America. However, we are divided on the question of your punishment. I believe that because of your youth you should be sent to a prison camp for the duration of the war. The others consider that despite your age the act merits death. We have come to a compromise. Next month we start operations against General Morgan. If you will draw us a plan of his fortifications, we will spare your life and send you to Libby Prison. If you refuse, you will pay the supreme penalty. What is your answer?"

"My answer is the only one possible

for a man of honor. Of what use is it to live if one lives in perpetual self-reproach? Do you think that my life is so valuable to me that I am willing to purchase it with the blood of thousands of slain comrades? I was born and bred a gentleman. I hope I can die like one. No, I absolutely refuse to betray my country. . . . I bear no malice toward any of you. I wish my father could know and believe that I forgive him any wrong he may suppose he has done. My last thoughts will be of him."

There was a long pause. Then the colonel said, "It pains me to sentence one so young, so brave, and so noble to death; but it is the will of this court that you be shot tomorrow morning at six o'clock. I am sure you will die as you have lived, honorably. You are a boy your father loved and is proud of."

That night Lieutenant Carter slept fitfully. Every time he awoke he saw a light burning in his commander's room and heard him walking back and forth like a caged beast. Suddenly

when the sun was starting to climb above the distant Cumberlands, sweeping away the stars and turning the sky gray, a fusillade of shots rang out in the distance. There was a cry of anguish from the colonel's room. Lieutenant Carter rushed in and found the old man on his knees crying, "My God! What have I done? Forgive this monstrous crime. I did it for my country."

Carter rushed to comfort him. "Pull yourself together, sir. This boy has made a great sacrifice, but he did so willingly and gladly. If you had not taken his life, the Yankees would have known our plans, and thousands of Confederates would have been slain. You have saved countless parents untold sorrow. . . . How did you identify the lad? This was his first venture within our lines."

The colonel arose and put his hand on the lieutenant's shoulder, "I knew he was in the Union Army." He sighed and continued falteringly, "You see, Lieutenant Carter, he was . . . my son."

Take A Deep Breath!

By WILLIAM B. SENIGER

Was I sick? I hope to tell the —. Well, anyway I wasn't as sick as I was goin' to be. I'd been out the night before to a little party the boys had given, and we'd indulged to the extent of some lobster salad, pickles, hot pastromi, ice cream, cole slaw, anchovies, etc. Then we washed said bulk down with some cider that Joe found he had left over from the Thanksgiving before last. (It was really the finest cider I'd ever tasted) I guess maybe it was something I ate. I don't know. Anyway I was about done in and the little woman insisted that I drag myself over

to Doc Jones for a looksee. I felt more like staying in bed and dying peaceful like but you know the little woman.

After passing out three or four times I found myself in the Doc's office. Now ordinarily the Doc's a real nice sociable guy. We'd played golf together for years and he likes to talk, especially on the green. But when I gets in his office—Oh Mammy! He takes a look at me as though I was a stranger and a nasty gleam creeps into his eyes.

"Take a seat," says he, "and read a magazine until I get around to you. You'll have to turn that book you're

reading right side up to enjoy it, and anyway it's a telephone book."

"So what?" I groans. "I'm looking up a good undertaker. And what d'ya mean, 'Until I get around to you.' I don't see anybody else here. Why all the ceremony?"

He just grunts and stalks off, leaving me there to die. After fifteen minutes or so he opens the door and motions me to drag my remains into his sanctum sanctorum and tells me to peel off my shirt. He puts on them ear phones and tunes in and his face falls a couple of inches. Then he starts reciting the dot and dash code where my chest had oughta be.

"HMMMMM!" he moans. "This is terrible."

"What," I asks, but he's shnt up like a clam. "Take a deep breath," says he. I gasps once or twice like a fish out of water. He rolls his eyes, looks out the window at a pretty girl passing by, and scribbles today's racing results on a scrap of paper.

"MMMMMM!" he repeats. "It's the hospital for you. You'll have to have an appendectomy (search me brother!) I'll take you right over to the hospital, and I'll notify your wife so that she won't worry. Oh, yes, and I'll have her finish up your business—just in case."

"Oh, My Lord!" I groans. "Just in case! Just in case I should live I'll bet you'd be heartbroken."

"Never mind now," says he. "Tut! Tut!" and he pushes me out the door, jamming on his hat, picking up his black bag and his golf bag, and extracting ten dollars from my pocket all in one deft motion.

Life plays funny tricks. Just as I gets to the hospital I feel fine and I tries to inform them of that fact. But will they listen? Oh, no! The prey had fallen into their trap and they had some nice new knives to try out. I pro-

tests heartily but the Doc, sitting on my stomach, says as how I'd best get it done and have it over with. Prices might go up in the fall and all that. So he eases me onto a table on roller skates with a none too gentle shove.

I'm the kind of a guy that never gets a break. The nurse I draw looks like an old school marm—1890 model. Nice and vicious like.

"Now, my good man," says she, "will you lie down quietly or must I strap you to the bed?"

Well by this time I'm all a-sweat. Just to make sure I don't get up and run out the ambulance entrance, some thoughtful cuss gives a shove to this moving table, and me and the table brings up short against a stone wall two corridors down. All the nurses and visitors (imagine the risk of visiting this place) give many interested stares like I was a museum piece or something.

Pretty soon a husky orderly comes along and says to me in a loud voice meant to impress several female visitors standin' near, "Hey there, what are you doin' out here? Don't you know any better?" So sayin' he pushes this durn grocery cart along bumpin' various swinging doors open and stopping to talk with every pretty nurse he knows. Finally he pokes me and the vehicle through a door marked "Operating Room" and departs.

Said room is as crowded as the Grand Central Station and just about as private. All around me was an amphitheater filled with medical students eating peanut bars. I guess they hadn't had an operation for so long they advertised said fact in the papers. The house was "sold out." Not even standing room was left around *that* place.

Pretty soon a bunch of nurses comes in all muffled up like ghosts and goes

to their appointed tasks. One of them wheels this tea wagon I'm on over to the operating table and serves me onto it like I was a slice of bacon or something. Pretty soon three doctors come in an' give me the once-over.

"Take a deep breath," says one.

"Let's not start that again," I begs.

"Gentlemen!" he roars, "this case as you know, will be an appendectomy, with one incision. A local anaesthetic w-i-i-l-l be u-u-s-s-ed." (Just like a referee announcing a match.)

Then he starts rubbin' his finger tenderly along a knife blade that is a cross between a razor and a can opener. A happy look crosses his pan and a great

hush falls over the house. Then they all starts watchin' him, or rather me, and whatever's goin' on must be hot stuff because all I can hear is a lot of Oh's and Ah's. Pretty soon I decides to take a look and see what's so interesting; but as soon as I raises my head they slaps it back on the table and tells me to mind my own business. Then one of these nurses hands the doctor a thread and needle and he starts sewin' somethin' that must be me, though I can't feel anything.

"Pssst!" says one of the doctors. "You dropped a stitch!"

"Well! Well!" says this tailor working on me. "So I did, but no matter.

Honor Roll

101 Arch, Arnold	204 Saleson, Abraham	Glazer, Howard J.
Ausin, Harold	Samovitz, Harry	Golder, Melvin
102 Bornstein, Sidney	Seicchitano, Joseph	301 Helfenbaum, Ralph
103 Cohen, Joel L.	Seiniger, William	Heuston, J. F.
Crimmins, Francis	Shulman, Abraham	303A Klamen, S.
Cubilewich, Henry	Shuman, L. M.	Kowalewski, Edwin
104 Dana, Jacob	Silverman, Harold	Kozloski, Wm. A.
Dow, T. W.	Smith, Michael J.	303B Lopez, Albert F.
105 Finnegan, Gerard	205 Tefft, James	Lordan, Edward F.
Fowler, Edward	Tonlis, Wm. J.	305 McGirley, Daniel
Freedman, Jack	Travers, Herbert	306B Michaelson, Louis
107 Jack, P. W.	206 Wax, Benjamin	307 O'Brien, Joseph R.
Jackson, Kiugsbury	Wolff, Charles G.	308 Piazza, Santo
109 McKenzie, Allan	Yee, Ralph	309A Raicklen, Harold
110 Monahan, Joseph	207 Arakelian, Charles	309B Remeis, Henry J.
Mykytow, Milton	208 Buker, Crawford	Richmond, Herbert
Novello, Russell	209 Canrava, Angelo	310 Rubinovitz, Julius
O'Donnell, Francis	Cavarnos, C. P.	Saad, Theodore S.
111A Perito, Paul	Cavarnos, John	Schiraga, Jack B.
Perkins, Clement	210 Concannon, W.	311A Sheehan, B. J.
Power, Richard A.	Coyne, Thomas	Simon, Alfred I.
Preston, Edward F.	Crimmins, John	311B Smith, Albert A.
111B Principato, Robert	211A Daniszewski, A. J.	312 Taylor, R. D.
Ruggiero, Francis	211B Dooley, Paul M.	Tucker, N.
203 Zarella, Anthony	231B Glasier, W. L.	Turner, John S.
	Glasser, Merrill	

001	Abelson, Bernard	256	Jagella, Joseph	Speigel, Philip
	Anfiero, Americo		Kalinowski, S.	Stephenson, Joe
060	Birnbaum, Herbert		Kasambalis, Wm.	Stokinger, F.
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	Bodnar, Walter		Lesberg, Jacob E.	Taylor, Harold G.
158	Brown, Willard	259	McGrath, Edward	358 Uva, Domonic L.
	Burns, R. M.		McGrimley, Thomas	Velardi, Samuel
	Calarese, John		McLaughlin, John	Weinstein, Albert
	Carey, Francis		McNulty, Frank	359 Wigon, Samuel
159	Cavanaugh, Maurice	260	Matook, John	Woodsome, George
	Clino, Harold	351A	Morrison, Lorimer	Yee, Yet Lin
	Coconis, Thomas		Murphy, Kenneth B.	Zevolo, Anthony
	Colella, Frank		Nangeroni, Ambrose	Zevolo, James A.
	Coletta, Gerard		Nassise, Philip	Ziskin, Aaron
160	Corcoran, Frank		Neely, James, Jr.	149A Bielawski, E.
	Cotugno, Albert	315B	O'Connor, Wm. F.	149B Byron, James
	Crosby, Robert		Ogar, Walter J.	150B Erikson, Boleslav
	D'Ambrosio, Frank		O'Keefe, Walter	Fillis, James
	DeFrancesco, A.		Paglia, Bruno	Fiore, John
230A	DeLallis, Leo	352	Pasakarnis, Joseph	Flynn, James E.
	DeLucia, Anthony		Patterson, Robert	150C Fortuna, Peter
	Del-Visco, T. M.	352	Pizzano, Charles	151 Hill, John J.
	DiFrancesca, F.		Porras, Rafael	Kelley, John D.
*230B	Donovan, John J.		Porter, Samuel	154 O'Reilly, Wm.
252	Feroli, Albert		Powers, George	155 O'Shea, John J.
	Finneran, Thomas		Powers, Wm. R.	O'Sullivan, Edward
	Fishman, Irving	353	Resnick, Max	Pagliarulo, Emil
	Franeo, Salcatore		Reynolds, David	Raiklen, atthew
253	Gesmer, Bennett		Ring, H. P.	156 Sadowski, Thaddens
	Gillooly, Richard		Rossi, John	Saraceno, Joseph
	Goldstein, Milton	354	Ruotolo, Abgelo	Sexton, John J.
254	Haboush, G. S.		Sacks, Leonard	Sheehan, Thomas
	Hall, Albert P.		Scicchitano, H.	Solomon, Bernard
255	Hayes, Charles J.	356	Slobodkin, Jacob S.	Staffier, Anthony
	Hegarty, H. S.		Smith, R. T.	230A DeLuca, Robert
	Hooper, Ray		Sorenson, E. P.	351B O'Keefe, Frank E.

FISTICANA

The boys of E. H. S., always seeking new laurels, have turned to boxing now. The fistic knights of the ring are being coached by Dominic Pino. New-comers are welcomed. Members of the Honor Guard are helping out by serving as sparring partners. If the team is a success, exhibition matches will be staged, with Pino as matchmaker. (Why not get Major Bowes to be timekeeper?)

B. F.

Oldest Inhabitants

Oh, get the tar and feathers for
Aunt Arabella Earl.
She raves about the blizzards that
She lived through when a girl.

* * *

A fence-rail ride for Uncle Si
Who constantly gives tongue
About the snow drifts house-top high,
He saw when he was young.

MURMURS



OUR SCHOOL
CHESS CLUB
MAKES A MOVE!
1996 A.D.

SCANNELL

(P.S. A FRESHMAN)

WITH THEIR BEARDS
GENTLY FLOWING IN
THE BREEZE



AW VOTE
FOR ME
PAL!!

DON'T FOR-
GET TO VOTE
FOR MY PAL
JOE GULCH,
PAL!



ABOUT ELECTION
TIME A GUY SURE GETS POPULAR

OUTDOOR TRACK

I DON'T CARE WHO
YOU ARE OR WHERE
YOU'RE FROM - GET IN
THERE AND RUN!

BUT SIR -
I'M STIFF
FROM
BOWLIN'



C'EST LE PRINTEMPS
PS oui



JUNIOR
ELECTIONS

TO-MORROW I
SHALL LECTURE
ON EVOLUTION!



AW-CUT OUT
THE MONKEY
BUSINESS



Psychology In The Open

By WM. B. SEINIGER, '36

If there's any place on God's green earth where a man will strip his soul and expose his true inner self, it is on the golf course. Psychology has entered the class room and the court room in an effort to study the mind at work. In the former it is working for the most part with immature minds, and in the latter with the criminal or suspect who has erected a barrier to hide his thoughts and the truth. If the psychologist wishes to study nature in the raw, he need only join the ordinary threesome and along about the third hole the mental barriers of his subjects will begin to crumble and the underlying character will assert itself. (That is if *his* mind does not crumble first.)

Webster defines psychology as the study of the workings of the mind, but give five out of eight golfers a club and their minds cease to work. It is peculiar, but the people who have good paying jobs which require brain work and planning, are most often the people who trust to the great god Luck in golf. Instead of observing the obstacles, hazards, roll, wind, and lie, they clutch the club and swing wildly, hoping the ball will stop somewhere near the green. If the poor dubs would but pause long enough to use a little headwork, they'd be chewing big hunks off their scores every round.

Then there's the case of Mrs. Snatch. She dashes madly around the course, yelling "Fore" with the frequency of a fog horn and in the same pleasing tone. She expects everybody in her path to let her through; and if they don't, she makes it as uncomfortable as possible by pitching the ball right up to them, not caring if it taps their ankles with vigor. Of course, when she returns to

the hotel or club she will have an hour or two until dinner with nothing to do but looked bored, act bored, and bore everybody else.

Her biggest rival is Joe Sourpuss, who intends to get his money's worth out of his caddy. Whenever he draws a lad of from twelve to seventeen his days is complete. The big, brave brute bawls his caddy out for sitting down, for not sitting down, for taking out the pin, for not taking out the pin, and for not finding the ball that went into the heart of the Forest Reservation. He blames the miserable caddy and uses language and abuse which no older lad would stand. In almost every case this player is a dub of the highest order.

The next case is that of the big business man, who, after coming from the stock market where he has thrown away dollar after dollar goes out to the course and spends half an hour looking for every second hand, used, or cheap ball he drives out of bounds. It is peculiar, but he thinks more of those few golf balls than he does of all his earnings.

I've often drawn a player with a temper. Some of them drive me balmy, and some of them just amuse me. However silly temper on the golf course may be, I'd rather have the man that lets out a long string of strong, clean oaths than the nitwit who throws his clubs. This fellow comes under "dangerous cases." Some of them just slam their clubs on the turf so that they shiver and bounce—but that is up to them. If they want to break their clubs, let them. The fellow I am talking about is the occasional one who heaves his sticks without caring where they fly. I remember caddying for a party once which was

unfortunate enough to have the company of such a menace. There were two young ladies in the party and an athletic-looking fellow, who thought he was God's gift to women. He was a good player, but he bragged about it too much, and the ladies were getting fed up on it. When he arrived at his Waterloo hole, he drove a long one into the brook. Turning, and gritting "D——" between his teeth, he slung the stick towards the other caddy and me. It wasn't meant to hit us, but it came too close for comfort. The other caddy who was with me was a tall, well-built fellow of college age. Had he told that player what he thought of him, or even slapped him down, I wouldn't have been surprised. He did neither of these things. Assuming a graceful, maidenly attitude, he merely chirped, "Oh, Sugar!" It was just two words, but it had the desired effect. The young ladies and a foursome of men waiting to go through laughed the player to scorn, and that was the last time we ever saw him throw things on that golf course.

This is not an attempt at a scathing denunciation of golf players or an attempt to incite pity for the caddy. It is just the thoughts of an ex-caddy, who, finding the job of bag toting monotonous and tiresome at times, attempted to lighten his task by observing human nature in the open. Golf brings out the good in man, as well as the bad. Many a man pays tips that are all out of proportion, merely because he wants to help the caddy and because it is his nature to give the other fellow a break. It is not uncommon to find a player who does not tip ordinarily. But when his friends or someone he wishes to make an impression on are with him, he hands out a large tip with a great flourish. He

may be fooling his friends, but he isn't fooling his caddy.

The dubs and the average golfer are not the only ones to show their nature. The "professional" comes in for his share of showing-up also. Ordinarily he plays a smooth and an expert game; but let him get into a real tough match and the true man pops to the surface. All of us have seen a group of pros at some time or other on the green. The pros are tense to the breaking point; the crowd is tense to the breaking point; and the judges are tense. Let some daring individual cough and see the result. Professionals, by the way, maintain that there is no such thing as a Waterloo hole or an unsalable club. The idea, they say, is merely a mental hazard. It is interesting to watch a mental hazard player. He will sail over the course smoothly until he comes to his Waterloo hole. He has played harder holes successfully, and others have played this hole successfully; yet because he has played this hole once or twice before and messed it up, he stiffens as he approaches it and is already to sock the pill into the nearest brook, swamp, or meadow. Of course, as he is all prepared to see it go those places, it does just what he expects. The same idea applies to a club. The golfer gets a fill of poor shots from a certain club—say the driver. Instead of correcting the fault in his driving technique he stows the club away where it won't bother him again.

A man who is polite, considerate, efficient, and smart shows it in golf as well as in any other place. Golf reveals the frailty of human nature much as the X-Ray does our physical flaws and weaknesses. Take out your best friend, your enemy, your sweetheart, or your social acquaintances and see if they're what you think they are.

Cruising The Corridors

Well, stooges, drag up a chair and listen to papa. . . . Whom do you suppose we just found out about? . . . None other than Joe Spinelli, who has a great idea on how to make himself a capitalist. He's the only guy in the world who could pull it off, too. . . . The lads down in the drill-hall nights seem to be trying to make themselves into pro ball-hawks. . . . Why does Bob Hauffer always say, "Well, Elsie ya later"? . . . There must be some reason. . . . Ducky Ryan calls his girl "Radio Lite" because she shines in the dark. . . . Dan Freedman looks worried these days. . . . Ralph "Dapper Dan" Karol says that his collection of nice looking pictures is the best this side of the Mississippi. Judging from our inspection, he isn't far from right. . . . Some of them are literary-minded, too. . . . Where has Sean Lee McHenry been hiding out? He hasn't pestered us now for over two months. . . . We noticed that David Punch had quite a time the other P. M. out in the garden spot of America, Jamaica Plain. Quite a few of his feminine admirers gathered together to welcome him home, but judging from his ex tempore remarks, Dave didn't seem to be especially enthused about his unexpected ovation. . . . Tommie Powers says that his girl is so stubborn that she stayed in the Cave of Echoes for a week trying to get in the last word. . . . Paddy Murphy, erstwhile student at Latin School, seems to get a great kick out of lemons at lunch time. . . . Algy "Red" Harris offers lessons on "Building a Marvelous Physique" at a very low price. See him at the Lost and Found Department. . . . Bill O'Halloran knows a little girl who will Brighton his way through life. . . . Allan Urrows seemed to be having his difficulties one day last week in a certain teacher's class when he was called upon to sing. . . . Fred Dow is rushing around trying to get the rest of the unpaid senior dues into camp. . . . Freddie Leahy and Joe Ahearn are getting together to form their noted schoolboy battery again. . . . Ask Bill O'Halloran about the Viola he took up to the hall on the day of the Shakespearean play. . . . Turning a corner rather hurriedly the other day, your old news-hunter came upon "Julius Caesar" McPhail being assassinated by "Brutus" Ahearn, "Flavius" Powers' and several other popular murderers. . . . The boys didn't do much to old Charlie, though. . . . Why is Gussie Sullivan making so many Sunday evening trips towards the Arborway out in Jamaica? . . . Who is the fellow in the Lost and Found Department who has been stepping out with a sister of the Smith Brothers lately? . . . Prize drill is just around the corner. . . . Plans are going into effect for the Summer Prom. If it is as successful as the last, it certainly will be a hit. . . . Dick Bogle has left school to enter prep school. Good luck, Dick. . . . Francis O'Connell gave a swell imitation of Major Bowes in one of his classes, but the teacher didn't seem to appreciate it. . . . Shakespeare would have turned over in his grave if he had seen the PWA version of Twelfth Night. . . . Conny Sheridan seems to like the atmosphere around the Winter Gardens. . . . Why is Gerard Cook so anxious to go to Temple next year? Could it be the fact that it is near Philly and Gertrude?

. . . Mark Devlin says that his average income is about midnight. . . . The workers building the foundations for the new cafeteria seem to be presenting a tableau depicting the pleasures of sleep, at lunch time. . . . How soon the dear little freshmen learn of the *Illegal* holiday. . . . Seniors—the Year Book will be on sale soon. . . . Your serious faces are in it. Take advantage of this opportunity to get a copy. . . . The swimming team composed of Jackie Daly, Tom Powers, Gil Eaton and the scion of the Cavanaugh family held their own at the Gardner meet, even though they didn't win anything. . . . This is the last issue of the *Record*, and we members of the staff would like to take this opportunity to thank the student body for the fine support that you have given the magazine, and we know that next year you will continue in this support, even after we are gone. . . . Well there goes the bell again, so I'll be seein' ya!

JAMES E. POWERS, '36.

THE TIMID SOUL RETURNS

I hear them talk of Chesterfields
And say, "They Satisfy,"
But as soon as I agree with this,
Some other lad will sigh
And step right up and slap my back
And greet me with a smile,
And say, "Just light a Camel up,
For them I'd walk a mile."
Then as soon as I have rested up
From the long one-mile hike
Some one else will pester me
To smoke a Lucky Strike.
By this time I don't feel quite right
I'm acting like a fool,
But just to make the job complete
I have to smoke a Kool.
Black spots abound before my eyes—
I'd like to make a bet
That if I live I'll only smoke
One brand of cigarettes.

J. E. P.

AVENGING GHOSTS

I fear that I am going mad,
I cannot sleep at night,
My thoughts are always blue and sad,
I'm in a fearful plight.

Relentless shadows haunt me hard,
They dog me night and day,
Since the day I sent the awful card
That marked me as their prey.

I can't thrill towards a pretty girl,
I can't enjoy a dance,
Just one plan has my brain awhirl
To take a boat to France.

They stand around my bed at night
In dark avenging hordes,
Those ghosts that make me think of flight
Are the coming College Boards.

J. E. P.

DEPARTING DAY

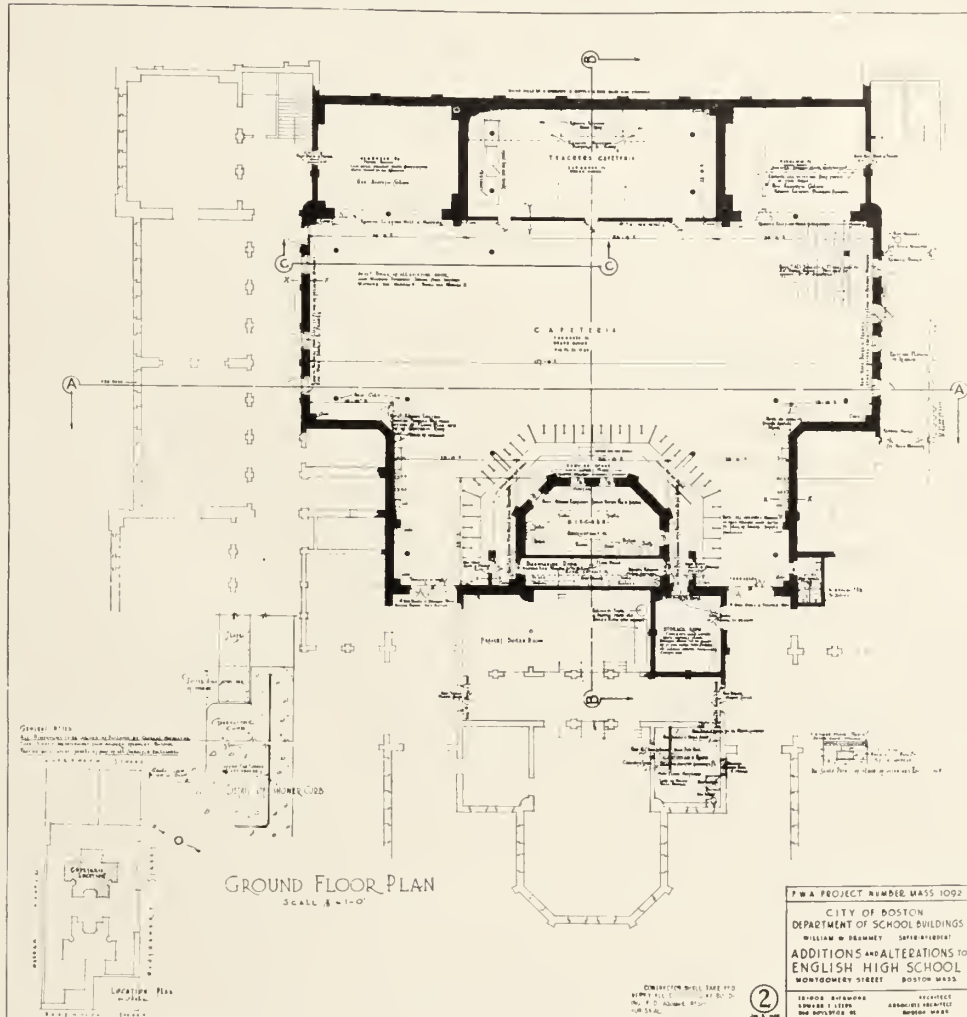
Black shadows edge across the purpling sky
And tint all nature to an awesome hue,
The fading sun sinks 'neath the hills to die;
The lush green grass is covered with a dew.

A light breeze wakes, caressing all the trees;
Bees cease to drone, the birds forbear to sing;
The weary lark that nests in spreading leas
Prepares to sleep, head 'neath protecting wing.

The jet of night begins to work its spell,
The sun sends forth one last defiant ray
And disappears to sojourn in its cell,
The hooting owl mourns for departed day.

J. E. P., '36.

Floor Plan Of Our New Cafeteria



The above plan is that of the new cafeteria which is now under construction. The area surrounded by the dense black lines is the area which the lunchroom will occupy. Room 060 and the old athletic locker room will be torn down and converted into a part of the new lunchroom. In between these two rooms will be the teachers' cafeteria. The main cafeteria will occupy the center of the court yard while the present boiler room will be moved back under the library to make room for the new kitchen and serving counter. This new kitchen and serving counter will be octagonal in shape as indicated above and will be ornamented by wooden panels trimmed with chromium panel-rails. Brass enclosed tiles of terrazzo will be used as flooring material.

A Dumb Animal

By DOUGLAS BROWN, '37

"I began to feel worried. Steve had not returned! Steve Calorrey and I were camping for a few days in the southeastern part of New Hampshire. After begging our parents for a week or so, we finally had our way, which was to be entirely on our own. We had been camping for three days; three days that were so filled with joy and excitement that they seemed like three heavenly weeks. Steve had gone for a short hike in the woods to see if he could find a new trout stream. He had said that he would be back in about an hour. Four hours had passed and I was very much worried over it. I must set out and find him. What would his parents think of me if anything should happen to him?

After wandering about for an hour I came to the river in the direction that Steve had taken. The river was about a hundred yards wide and situated about a mile and a half from camp. I sat down and began to wonder if Steve had crossed the river or not. I searched the other side with my eyes as far as I could see. Was that a broken raft? Yes, it was. There was a raft smashed on a rock close to the other side. I became suspicious and squinted my eyes even more. Ah! Now I saw him. Was he asleep? Heavens, no! I now understood what had happened. Steve had tried to cross the river on the raft, but the current was strong and had smashed the raft on the rock. Steve, after swimming ashore in the swift current, was very tired. In a half daze, he had stumbled, hit his head against a stone, and had been knocked unconscious!

But how was I to reach him! It had rained during the previous weeks and

the current of the river was even stronger than usual. My friend lay in need of me only a hundred yards away and yet I could not reach him.

In my wanderings, I frightened an otter, who ran along the bank and then dived into the river. I saw his sleek form under the water shoot out for the opposite bank. Was he going to try and swim across? Sure enough, I saw his head bob up close to the other side in a few seconds! I wondered how he had done it and began to examine the point where he had dived in. I saw swirls of water; and then, looking closer, I noticed quite a large hole in the bank, about fifteen feet under the surface of the water! Now I saw how he had done it. Through the hole was pouring an underground stream into the larger one. This formed a powerful cross-current that had carried the otter across.

I hastily took off my heavier clothing, dived into the water and swam to the cross-current below. With a few brief seconds of swimming in the cross-current, I reached the other side! I clambered up the bank and finally got to Steve. With a little water he soon regained consciousness. Except for a splitting headache, he was O. K. Dumb animals are anything but "dumb."

THE DIARY OF A DUB

MONDAY

I played a round of golf today,
The score was seventy-two;
I wonder how a man like me
Could e'er again be blue?

TUESDAY

I played a round of golf today,
The score was sixty-eight;
A thing I thought could never be,
I'm sure it's due to Fate.

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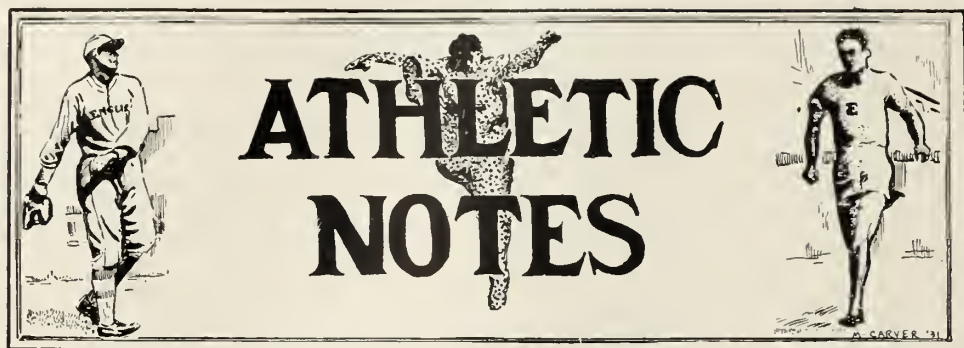
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BOSTON RELAY CARNIVAL

Taking one more championship title in their stride English won the Boston Relay Carnival. The 5-3-1 method of scoring declared English the winner with 14 points. Mechanics with 9 $\frac{1}{3}$ and Latin with 8 $\frac{1}{3}$ offered the competition.

Each team ran in a trial, and the three teams with the best time reached

English's Class D team easily beat their opponents to create a new record in the trials. This record was broken in a few minutes by the Mechanic Arts' team. However, in the finals English broke that record to win the event. The new record of 124 and $\frac{2}{5}$ is held by Olson, Ardolino, Liard, and Beane.

The Class C team, with several new faces, easily reached the finals but were forced to accept second places behind M. A. H. S. Klamann, Flaherty, Tringali, and Gallagher were on the defeated team.

The Class B team suffered a peculiar fate and for the first time in many years an English team was disqualified. But you may be sure it was through a technicality. Little Joe Stephenson running the third leg, after closing up a wide gap, fell and dropped the baton which bounced up to our waiting anchor man, Rupert Leonard. Leonard easily caught the Latin man and won the race by at least five yards, but his wonderful leg was futile for the entire team was disqualified.

Our Class A team was out to shatter the Regimental record, which has already been on the books for 17 years. In the trials English was $\frac{4}{5}$ of a second away from the record; but because they had not been pushed, we felt sure that they would break it in the finals. However, Green, lead off man for Brighton, left Sullivan at the start; and although Finny ran his heart out, the team was unsuccessful. The team ran in the following order: Sullivan, Leahy, J. Powers, and Ryan.

STATE MEET

The State Meet, Mecca for all high school trackmen and fans, found the Blue and Blue of Boston English a close second to Newton's invincible array of track and field champions.

Ralph "Flash" Ryan was the darling of the day, scoring in two events. First of all, he ran second to Wittens of Newton in the 300-yard dash. Wittens broke "Larry" Scanlon's record in this event. "Larry" set up the mark in the State Meet five years ago and enabled the Blue and Blue to cop the bunting. Far from satisfied, Flash took a third in the high jumps to add two more points to our total.

"Moose" Mantos reliable shot putter heaved the leather covered pellet farther than all the lads, except Gilligan of Brighton, who won the event.

"Dick" Olson showed his versatility by placing fourth in the State Meet 600.

"Dick" has just passed his fifteenth birthday, and is the Class D 220-yard record holder. Oson had never run a six-hundred before, and his time was one minute, nineteen and two fifths seconds. Believe me, this is fast time.

Captain Sullivan led off for his relay team, and Olson, Devlin, and Ryan followed in that order. Latin School's relay-four were masterfully subdued; but more than that, the blue clad splinter rippers turned in the fastest time of the day, and annexed five more points to give us a good second place in the final accumulation of points.

All the members of the relay team competed in other events before running the relay.

"REGGIE" CHAMPIONS AGAIN

English High's blue clad speedsters again took top honors in the Regimental Track and Field Meet for the 24th successive year. The running events held at the East Armory provided the fans with plenty of thrills. In the Class D fifty-yard dash Adolino placed in a close final heat. Bush captured the B hurdles and equalled the record. Captain Sullivan lost the A fifty-yard dash to Green of Brighton in the closest race of the day. Ryan lost by inches to Singleton of Memorial in a race to be remembered for its thrills. Beane won the 176 and established a new record. Olson ran to another "Reggie" win in the 220 while Polluck also scored in the same race. Gallagher, Leahy, Carmichael, Melaugh, Leonard, Mantos, Ryan, Scala, and Hall are deserving of praise for their individual contribution of points. Thanks to their efforts the Blue and Blue reigns supreme in Boston school-boy track circles.

BASEBALL GUESSING

Working up a baseball team is a

hard job; but if the material is there, the team will be good. Prospects for the 1936 English High team are very promising. Many of the candidates are lettermen in football or track. Six lettermen are back from last year's team fighting for positions.

Away out in center field, Charlie McPhail and his big bat are practically certain to win a few ball games for us. The big red-head is death on flies and his hitting is excellent. Of course, Captain Joe Ahearn will supply his leadership from behind the bat. Roy Williams looks like a sure bet; and if he shifts to first base, will probably show as much class as he did last year out in left field. For pitchers, Coach Ohrenberger has promising talent in Lefty Murray, Bill Barry, and Fred Leahy. John Powers should fill the vacant space at either short or third base. Gussie Sullivan will probably fill in the picture somewhere. His fast thinking and snappy fielding will be of great aid to the team. Ducky Ryan may find a spot in the outfield. Jackie Daly wields a powerful bat that will come in handy in the pinches. "Moose" Mantos and Joe "My Hero" Spinelli will be around when the letters are given out, in our opinion.

Of course there is much more material handy, and some of it may upset the dope and crowd one of the stars out of his position. Right now the team is in the formative stage. Both Coach Ohrenberger and the boys are looking forward to a very successful season, and we'd like to wish them luck.

P.S. Our baseball reporter just checked in from the drowned lands of West Roxbury to remark that four inches of ice are parking on the playground. This will undoubtedly prevent spring practice until long after you read our copy.

MILITARY PRIZES

Once more the Individual Prizes have been awarded to the boys who proved themselves to be worthy of them. This commendable competition is worthy of praise because it gives boys in the ranks an opportunity to advance to the rank of sergeant. It teaches a boy to be quick, mentally alert, and to stand on his own feet in military tactics. The following boys are the prize-winners this year:

FIRST REGIMENT—John Curley, Edward O'Malley, Louis Dahan, Joseph Trexeira, Irving Shuhman, Nicholas Papayiakes, Joseph Scicchitano, Waldo Smith, Richard Irvine, Edward Kelley.

SECOND REGIMENT—George Rubin, Samuel Tucker, Jesse Gaines, Hugh MacKinnon, Walter Schultz, Harold Taylor, Horace Branch, Frank Bergdoll, Aaron Cohen.

THIRD REGIMENT—Joseph Aronson, George Hodges, William Rutledge, Harvey Teplitz, John Kooyoumjian, Victor Kaminsky, Jerome Flato, George Bakalos, Sidney Abramson.

FOURTH REGIMENT—Joseph DiStefano, Morris Weisberg, Joseph Jennings, Hector Blair, Max Resnick, Philip Spiegel, William Duncan, Theodore Tuggle, Patsy Colantuoni, Howard Redgate.

FIFTH REGIMENT—Harry Koulopoulos, Isadore Lerner, Wilbert Lannon, Carmino Cernillo, Nicholas Koulopolous, Frank Nigro, Joseph Falcione, Donald Weafer, Gerad Coletta, Fred Mousjally.

WEDNESDAY

I played a round of golf today,
The score was eighty-nine;
I'm getting rather worried,
But everything is fine.

THURSDAY

I played a round of golf today,
I had an awful slice;
I sliced my drives all out of bounds—
I ask you, is that nice?

EXCHANGES

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following publications: *The Tradesman*, *The Quill*, *Old Hughes*, *The Item*, *The Reflector*, *The Distaff*, *The Quaker Challenge*, *The Artisan*, *The Unquity Echo*, and *The Red and Gray*.

The Artisan deserves our commendation for its splendid February issue. We enjoyed the Literary and the Hobby sections.

The Tradesman impressed us considerably with its cover and we enjoyed the story section.

The Quill has some splendid editorials and the stories are for the most part quite interesting.

* * *

Neighbor: "So your son got his B. A. and his M. A.?"

Proud Dad: "Yes, indeed, but his P. A. still supports him."

—*The Tradesman*.

* * *

A girl at school was asked if "kiss" was a proper or common noun. After some hesitation she replied: "It is both common and proper."—*The Artisan*.

* * *

He: "What's the idea of dating this letter the fourteenth, when its only the tenth?"

She: "I'm going to ask you to mail it for me, dear."—*The Distaff*.

* * *

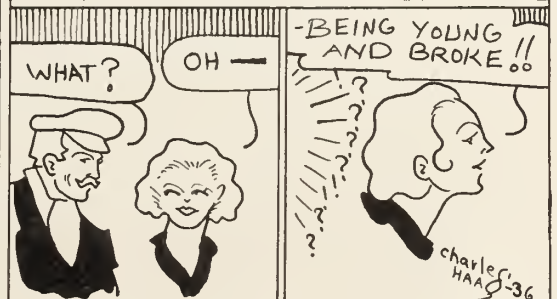
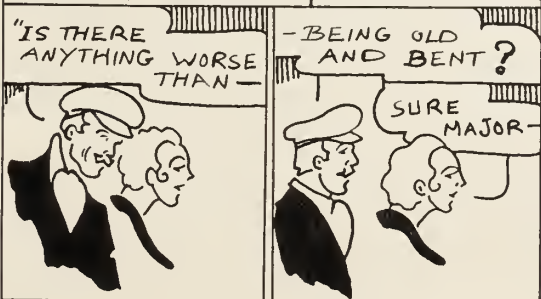
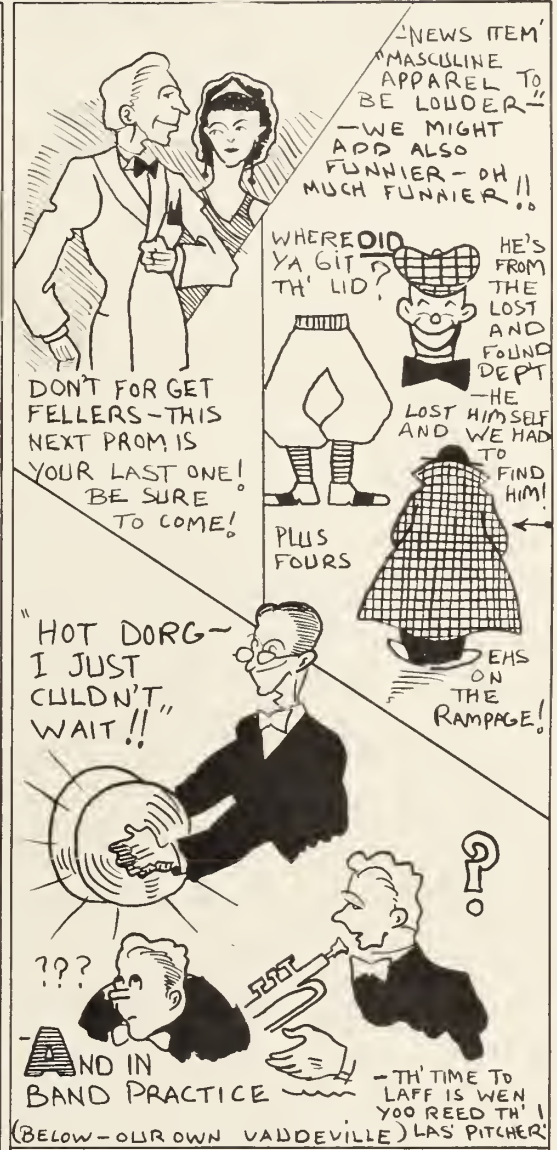
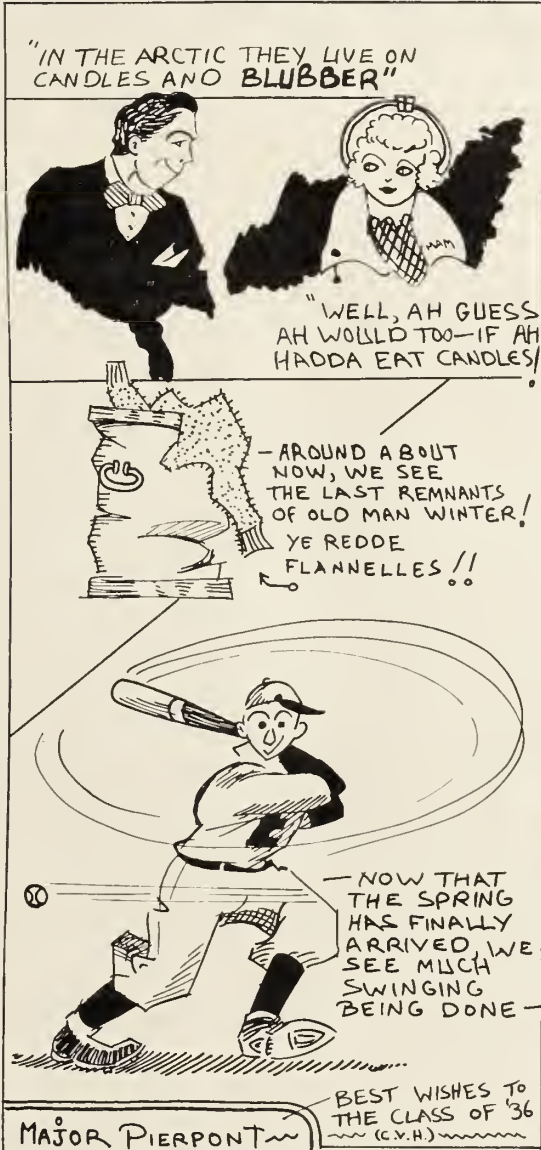
Then there was the girl who couldn't eat an apple because her boy friend was a doctor.—*The Enterprise*.

* * *

The Red and Gray of Fitchburg is so good that it has been read from cover to cover by several of our editors.

The Unquity Echo has some fine copy and a splendid cover.

RECORDINGS *by Charles '36*



Winged Feet

By WILLIAM CUSHMAN, '37

Down the gravel path in front of his house flashed Ted Moore, his powerful shoulders swinging as he ran. His feet travelled over the ground as if on wings. Rounding a corner at a fierce clip, he tried to dodge quickly—but too late! He collided with a feminine form. Down they went together!

Ted scrambled hastily to his feet and looked down at a pretty girl whose hat was tilted at a crazy angle over one eye. She said, "WELL?"

"Well," echoed Ted.

"Aren't you going to apologize, clumsy?"

"Oh,—I'm so sorry—" but he had no time to finish, for she walked past and flung over her pretty shoulder a remark to the effect that he ought to learn how to be graceful.

Ted's face turned crimson. He did not like that. Had he not been selected to represent his school in the Two-State Track Meet? That should prove his worth! One more glance he gave after the slim figure and started on his way.

On his return, he found a letter from his coach. He scanned the contents eagerly to find that he was to meet the coach at the Memorial Stadium at 1.30 Saturday. This was one of the most important meets of the year, and the outstanding stars might have a chance in the selection for the Olympic games. The sport writers had chosen Ted to take the fifty-yard dash; but in the 220, Ted had a dangerous rival in the person of "Speed" Gibson. This would be the most exciting race of the year.

Early the appointed morning, Ted prepared for a big day. It was great

to be alive on such a day, with a bright sun in the sky overhead and a cool summer breeze. He took a shower and donned a polo shirt, flannels, and sneakers. Dropping his track togs in a bag, he ran downstairs for breakfast. Father and mother proudly waved him good-bye and good luck.

Gracefully he leaped into the small cockpit of his model "T" Ford and stuffed his duds under the seat. He had remodeled the Ford into a neat affair and was always seen racing about town in it. When he passed out of town, he settled down comfortably and jammed down the throttle, letting it speed along wide open. Little did he realize that Old Faithful would let him down!

An hour later he came steaming to a halt. Out he got and lifted up the hood. A spark plug had burned out. In vain did he try to start her, but there was no use. Pushing it down grade, he shoved the machine into a field and left it. Taking his track togs from under the seat, he started on the road. Ten more miles to go! He turned as a car sped down the highway. Up went his thumb. The car screeched to a halt; and who stared at him but the girl he had collided with two days ago.

"Well," said she, "climb in!"

"No, thanks," replied Ted, crossly.

"I suppose you're mad because I called you clumsy!" She drove along beside him, but receiving no response, drove off.

Ted now felt gloomier than before. Foolish to do that! After all, it was *his school* he was letting down! Now he would be late! Turning a bend, he

saw the roadster at a roadside stand, and, perched on a stool, the girl, eating a hot dog.

He went up to her car and stepped behind the wheel. She jumped down from the stand and gained the car just as Ted gave it the gas.

"Well, of all the nerve!" she exclaimed.

"Keep quiet," growled Ted, "where were you going?"

"To the Track Meet," she answered.

"Okay, that's right my way!"

"Who are you?" she asked, and then she saw his name on his bag. In surprise and pleasure, she spoke to him. "Not *the* Ted Moore? Oh, I do hope you win today!" Grumpily he nodded and would have ignored her had she not said: "It's ten minutes of two!" (The two-twenty was to start at two.)

"Nearly two, and we're eight miles away!" Ted groaned, and stepped on the gas. . . .

Out of the car and into the Stadium he shot, to find his coach prancing up and down, awaiting his arrival. He peeled off his shirt and hurriedly jumped into spike shoes, talking to his coach meanwhile. He learned that the race had been held as long as possible. There was no time to don track togs. The long list of names had been called off. He dashed out to the starting line.

Behind him cheered a school crowd, and under it he heard a feminine voice. Her voice, urging him to do his best as she had in the car. Crack went the gun, and the racers' muscular bodies shot out for the lead. "Speed" was first, but Ted was near the last. With a burst of speed, he accelerated his pace and forged steadily ahead. His legs went like pistons, thudding his feet against the cinders. Taking the curve on high, "Speed" nearly sent

Ted off balance, but he regained it. The coach was tearing his hair out, and the stands were breathless with excitement. Ted's flannel-clad legs were hot and the added weight of his street clothes dragged against his limbs. He sped around the track once more, to pass the rapidly tiring "Speed" with a brilliant spurt; and now "Speed" was behind, dropping out of sight. Giving his all in a last tremendous, over-powering effort, Ted sailed on winged feet down the last stretch, to break both tape and all outstanding records with a last desperate lunge. While the crowd went wild, he fell forward on his face, exhausted but triumphant.

Afterward he remembered the ovation, the newspaperman, the camera, the Olympic committee, and the many friends crowding around. But what stood out clearest at that moment was a pretty face that admitted that he was far from clumsy!

Do: It doesn't take much to turn a woman's head.

Mitch: You're right. That one just turned and looked at you.

* * *

Rya: Say, John, does your brother ever take any real exercise.

Pow: Well, last week he was out seven nights running.

* * *

* * *

Wax: He hates a good picture.

Roman: Yeah, he stole mine, the crook!

ALUMNI NOTES

Donald F. Claflin, '35, last year's class president, is now attending Lawrence Academy. His fine playing on the football team has attracted much attention.

SCHOOL SPELLING BEE

The Boston Herald Spelling Bee has been conducted in the various home rooms during the past few days and the home room winners may well be proud of their achievement in spelling down their keen competitors in the various home room groups.

The eight boys who emerged victorious in the various class divisions are deserving of great praise. As we go to press we wish them luck in the city-wide contest which is the next challenge to their spelling ability.

Mr. Conlon, who directed the contest in this man-sized building is entitled to great credit for the speed and efficiency with which he handled the Buzzing of so many Bees.

HOME ROOM WINNERS

149A Stanley M. Buchanan
149B Vincent Cardinale
150A Thomas F. Connor
150B John J. Diggins
150C Robert B. Foley
151 Jeremiah F. Hurley
152 James E. Kennedy
153 Thomas L. McDonough
154 William J. Haskill
155 Joseph R. Roche
156 James J. Steph
157 William B. Swanton

001 Victor A. Aja
060 Arthur M. Bobrick
158 Francis W. Carey
159 Emanuel Cohen
160 Orlando Coppola
230A Eugene M. Donovan
230B Norbet F. P. Evora
252 John S. Flaherty
253 Raymond C. Garran
254 Mitchell Hadge
255 William J. Hartery
256 Peter Khoury
257 Patrick J. Lennon
258 Thomas E. McCarty
259 James M. Manning
260 John J. Manning
351A Timothy J. Nesdale
351B Walter J. O'Keefe
352 Robert J. Patterson
353 Anthony J. Rock
354 Robert E. Sebring
356 Saterius G. Soukaras
357 Robert J. Troy
358 Arthur D. Weisman
359 Demetrius E. Zoes

101 Joseph J. Belaconis
102 Edward A. Bush
103 Nicholas E. Conduras
104 Jacob B. Dana
105 Paul F. Ferris
106 Edward W. Hagar
107 John F. Judge
108 Melvin B. Kline
109 James F. Martin
110 Thomas J. Moran
111A Peter Papulis
111B John T. Reynolds
201 Riche R. Coleman
202 Joseph J. Konan
203 Edwin F. Roth
204 Harold B. Silverman
205 Edward B. Thompson
206 Harold H. Winer
207 Peter Azemopoulos, Jr.
208 Howard J. Brown
209 Francis X. Cadigan
210 Thomas H. Cook
211A Joseph W. Curtis
211B George Favreau
231A Thomas J. Gallagher
231B Melvin Golder
301 Maceo A. Harris
302 James A. Kaveney
303A Stanley S. Kouffman
303B Theodore Lipsitz
305 Thomas B. McHugh
306A Joseph L. Mazzuchelli
306B Michael J. Morrissey
307 Arthur G. O'Brien
308 Wendell D. Pigott
309A Charles E. Price
309B Paul F. Reddy
310 William M. Rosen
311A William J. Shea
311B Albert A. Smith
312 Stephen A. Thomas
313 Edward F. Ward

WINNERS OF CLASS CONTESTS

Ninth Grade Winner—Robert B. Foley.
Tenth Grade Winner—Mitchell Hadge.
Eleventh Grade Winner—Melvin Golder.
Twelfth Grade Winner—James F. Martin.

FRIDAY

I played a round of golf today,
I had an awful hook;
I lost about three dozen balls
In **one** unruly brook.

SATURDAY

I played **nine** holes of golf today,
I'm in an awful fix;
I gave away my big brown bag
And broke up all my sticks.

SUNDAY

I'm feeling good again today,
I guess it's just the same;
I never could—and never will
Give up this **blank blank** game.

J. E. P.



1. A Few Regulars. 2. Rifle Team. 3. Pino vs. Taurinsky. 4. Benny Skipping Rope. 5. The Four Flashes. 6. Referee Spinelli and the Boys. 7. At Ease. 8. Secretary-Treasurer. 9. Pitchers. 10. Pino Lands on the Button. 11. Outfielders. 12. The Big Parade.



Irate Theater Goer: Usher, I can't find anything about the play on this program.

Condescending Usher: Sorry, sir, but we had to make room for two new ads.

* * *

McP: Does your little dog howl at the moon?

Betty: Yes, he can't get over it.

* * *

"This is so sodden," said the young girl, as the village drunkard proposed to her.

* * *

McH: May I have this dance?

Girl: Sure—if you can find a partner.

* * *

Cook: Is that a popular song Frank Lyons is singing?

Man: It was before he sang it!

* * *

Frank: How did Lorraine dress for the prom?

Bill: Endlessly.

* * *

McG: Are you going to the Girls' High prom?

Hauf: No, I'll be out of town that weekend.

McG: I wasn't invited, either.

* * *

Patricia: Every time I look at you I think of a great man.

Frank: Who is it?

Patricia: Darwin.

"Even the best of friends fall out," as the airman explained when he strapped in a passenger.

* * *

He: Since I met you, I can't eat.

She (hopefully): Why?

He: I'm broke.

* * *

Mac: Don't act like a fool!

Helen: There you go! You want a monopoly of everything!

* * *

First Gold Digger: Were you nervous when you asked him for money?

Second Gold Digger: No, I was calm, and collected.

* * *

Greek maidens used to sit and listen to lyres all night. Times haven't changed much.

* * *

Jackie: Aren't my kisses like something electric?

Janet: Yeah—an electric refrigerator.

* * *

Kind Old Lady: You say you were locked up in a cage for ten years? Were you in prison, my good man?

The Tramp (sarcastically): No, mam; I was a canary.

* * *

Farmer: How did ye come by that black eye, Jarge?

Jarge: Ole cow had a way o' flickin me face with her tail, so I tied a brick on it.

"This plant," said the gardener, belongs to the begonia family."

"I see," said the lady. "How kind of you to look after it while they're away." * * *

Manager: I'm afraid you are ignoring our efficiency system, Smith.

Smith: Perhaps so, sir; but somebody has to get some work done! * * *

"So you want a job here as office boy?" said the real estate agent. "Do you ever tell lies?"

"No," the boy replied, "but I'm sure I can soon learn." * * *

"I'm sorry," said one movie star to another, "that I couldn't attend your wedding."

"Oh, that's all right," was the reply. "Better luck next time." * * *

Teacher: Never keep people waiting, my boy, and you will be sure to succeed.

Student: But you are always keeping people waiting.

Teacher: Yes. That shows that I have succeeded. * * *

"I always measure my words," said a talkative teacher.

"What do you use?" asked a laconic listener, "a barrel or a tub?" * * *

"Where were you last night, son?" asked the young student's father.

"Oh, just driving around with some of the boys."

"I wonder which of the boys left that tube of lipstick in the car?" * * *

"A man always suffers when he hunts for trouble," said the amateur philosopher.

"Oh, I don't know about that," replied the professional cynic. "How about the dentist?"

Mother: Where has Harold gone?

Father: If the ice is as strong as he thinks it is he has gone skating. If not, he has gone swimming. * * *

"And what," she asked, "should a little boy say to the lady who has given him a penny for carrying bundles?"

"I'd hate to tell you!" he replied. * * *

Mary (passing candy shop): Doesn't that candy look great!

George: Uh—huh? Let's stand here and look at it for a while! * * *

Captain: Your rank, sir?

Buck Private: Don't rub it in, cap! That's what the sergeant told me! * * *

Sonny: Father, what are gentlemen farmers?

Father: Gentlemen farmers, my son, are farmers who seldom raise anything but their hat! * * *

Our idea of a real pessimist is the Senior who claims he is having trouble getting a girl for the Class Prom! * * *

"Heredity is something a father believes in until his son starts to act like a fool."—*The Quill*. * * *

This rendition of the loyalty oath was seriously offered by an elementary school pupil in California: "I pledge a legion to the flag of the United States, and to the Republic for Richard Sands; one nation and a vegetable, with liberty and justice for all."—*The Item*. * * *

First Coed: "That fellow is a wonder."

Second Coed: "Well, introduce me to him, I work wonders."

—*The Enterprise*.

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"The Dawn Patrol"

By THOMAS F. COEN, '37

John Dana swung his long legs over the edge of his cot just as the first cold motor barked out on the apron. He got up and stretched himself to his six feet two of bone and muscle and yawned. Johnny was going on the dawn show (patrol). He hurled his clothes on quickly to escape the cold air which is always present at that time of the day. Sleepily adjusting his helmet and jacket, he trudged over to the mess-shack. The rest of the patrol was already there, so he had to buy the drinks. There was an understanding on the sixty-fifth squadron's airdrome that the last one to the mess-shack would buy the drinks. Having drunk some coffee laced with cognac, the pilots walked to the ticking battle-planes standing on the line.

"How is she perking this fine morning, Jenkins?" amiably inquired Dana of his mechanic.

"She's fine, sir," answered the mechanic.

"Let 'er go," yelled Johnny.

The chocks were pulled and the patrol was off. The planes assembled in vee formation at two thousand feet over the drome.

"Dizzy" Drake signaled his pilots to close in and then concentrated on the day's assignment. The patrol was to avoid all combat, if possible, and was to look for the enemy's guns instead. Flying along at two thousand feet over enemy territory, Dana saw a belch of flame coming from the side of a demolished house. The patrol circled to make sure and then dived. With a shriek of wings and flying wires, the planes dropped to the attack. Bomb after bomb fell on the emplacement until nothing was left but a gaping hole in the ground. Seeing that the job was done, Drake waved his men to a higher altitude. Just then the sky seemed to

rain enemy wings: Pfalz, Fokkers, Albatrosses, and other types of enemy aircraft dropped to the attack. With two of the enemy on his tail, Drake tried to save a cub pilot from an enemy crossfire, but was caught himself. He was first shot in the stomach and then in the head. A merciful shot indeed! One after another the Allied planes tumbled down out of the sky until there remained only Johnny Dana and Jake Hayward. The latter was seriously wounded, but stayed in the fight to help Johnny. Jake became so weak that he could hardly fly. Between the two of them they accounted for five of the enemy, but it was no use. Suddenly a red triplane bearing the black Maltese crosses of the German Empire on its wings dove on Jake and riddled his gas tank, sending him down in flames. Then the rest pounced on Johnny. Weak and weary, Johnny could not put up much of a fight. After vainly trying to break through the cordon which surrounded him, Dana dove straight down. Pulling out of his terrific dive was too much of a strain on the wings. They ripped off, and the fuselage, like a bullet, with Johnny in it, hurtled into the ground at about two hundred miles an hour. Johnny had flown his last patrol.

Back on the field, the major, the mechanics, Jenkins among them, and the other pilots waited impatiently for the patrol to come back. The telephone bell rang. The major answered. When he came out of the office, he hardly knew where he was going. The patrol was wiped out by a large flight of Germans. That had been the word he had just received. "Dizzy" Drake, Johnny Dana, Jake Hayward, the new cub pilot, Jackie Jordan, and the rest were never coming back. They had flown their last dawn patrol.

Alumni

Probably no better evidence of the traditional English High School spirit is to be found at this time of year than that which is apparent at the various class reunions of loyal E. H. S. Alumni.

CLASS OF '98

The Class of '98 had their 38th annual reunion at the Hotel Tonnaine on Saturday, February 15th. Among the members present were John Dorsey, treasurer of the City of Boston; John D. O'Reilly, for many years athletic coach in English High School and later at Georgetown University; and Mashie Berenson, member of the Board of Directors of the English High School Association. The Head Master was present as guest of the Class.

CLASS OF '00

The Class of 1900 had their annual reunion at the Parker House on Saturday, January 18th. Among those present were Arthur Keith, secretary of the Class, and Lindsey Hooper, president of the Class and member of the Board of Directors of the English High School Association. Major Driscoll represented the school and was present as a guest of the Class.

CLASS OF '95

The Class of '95 held its 41st reunion on Monday, March 9th. Among class members present were Judge Walter L. Collins, member of the Board of Trustees of the English High School Association; Col. Thomas Sullivan, chairman of the Boston Transit Company; Judge Richard M. Walsh, Boston Municipal Court; and Joseph Everett, secretary of the Class. The Head Master represented the school at the dinner.

CLASS OF '26

The Class of '26 will hold its annual

reunion at the Fox and Hounds Club, April 29th. The Head Master and Mr. Ohrenberger will represent the school. Mr. Ford will show moving pictures of the 1935 English-Latin Thanksgiving Day game.

John T. Peyton, '35, has been elected moderator of the French Club at University Heights. While at English High he won the Lawrence Prize in F3.

Edward F. Cameron and Joseph D. Quility, both of '35, are at Boston College this year.

Joseph D. Cronin, '34, is employed at the State House.

Lieutenant William F. Powers, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., is now stationed in the Panama Canal Zone.

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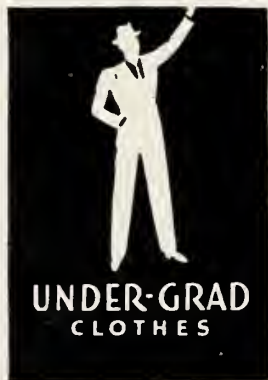
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